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THE CONQUEROR.

AUBURT
GALLION QUE

RW M Pozer 1883

THE CONQUEROR

The conqueror and conquered on the preceeding page are a pleasant looking pair of fighters and it is safe to say that every blow *was delivered in good nature.* We hope that all through their lives they may meet the world and engage in its battles with the same good nature as the one whose class is pictured, and endure its defeats with the same fortitude as the conquered one who is laughing through his tears. They will have many battles to fight. They will have to meet and conquer the so called "small vices," the habits of smoking and drinking and others which reduce the vitality, injure the health and place in the way a steep and high barrier to success. We hope that they as well as every reader of the MESSENGER will prove conquerors in the battle of life and earn the commendation of "Well done good and *faithful servant*" from the Ruler of all men and all things.

Temperance Department.

LIZZIE DEANE'S BABY.

BY M. E. H. EVERETT.

A cry of horror went up one day,
When the ground with snow was white,
For Lizzie Deane's baby had frozen and starved
On its mother's breast at night
And not in the dreary Western wilds,
And not on the bleak East shore;
But here in our proudest city's street,
And close to the rich man's door.

Poor Lizzie Deane's baby was clasped all night
To its mother's empty breast,
And folded close in her faded rags
By her thin cold arms was pressed.
All night, in her bitter grief, she saw
The red lamps glare through the gray,
But the pitying stars she could not see,
For the clouds shut heaven away.

And long, when the happy children play
By the cozy fire at night,
And the mother rocks her own little babe,
All robed in its dainty white,
By many a hearth shall the tale be told.
With a long and dreary sigh,
How Lizzie Deane's husband crazed with drink,
Turned his babe in the street to die.
—*Canada School Journal.*

TILDY'S FAITH.

BY LOU LAUREL.

Let me say, to begin with, this is a true story and ends well, although it isn't in the least funny or exciting. I wonder, after all, if you would like to hear it? Well, I shall never know unless I try it, and so, in the dear old fashioned way, I herewith begin.

"Once upon a time"—and it was a very long time ago—there was a girl whose name was Tildy. She was born in a tavern (they weren't called hotels in those days), and was the youngest but one of eight children. This tavern, which Tildy's father kept, was situated on the old "turnpike," not far from the Capital of Vermont, and was noted far and near for its good cheer, home-like comforts, and ample fare for both man and beast. The air of thrift and neatness about the house was a constant invitation to strangers to call, and those who had once been there travelled late or put up early, as the case might be, so that they might stay over night at Uncle Eb's, as he was familiarly called. A right jolly old soul was Uncle Eb, and his stories and jokes added not a little to the attractions of the place; and there are those still living who remember Aunt Annie's "boiled dish" and baked beans, her pumpkin pies, and plain doughnuts, as something wholly beyond anything found on the bills of fare at the hotels of the present day. The very sight of Aunt Annie's kitchen was appetizing. It fairly shone with cleanliness, and the odors which issued from the various pots and kettles hanging on the crane and standing before the monstrous fire-place were enough to make a man hungry even though he had just eaten dinner. But, alas! there were other odors about the house, which were not so harmless, for in the bar-room liquors were sold, and a man stepped up and called for his drink as openly and boldly as he ordered his supper and a night's lodging. Even the minister took his glass of toddy in those days. So Uncle Eb sold liquor and thought it no harm, and, still more, he *drank* liquor and thought it no harm; but, all the same, however, great harm was being done. Uncle Eb grew irritable, and then downright cross. Aunt Annie, his wife, was the first to suspect the cause of it, and it troubled her very much. She finally undertook to remonstrate with him one night, whereat he became so enraged and used such wicked words as to quite alarm the good woman, and served only to make matters worse. So after that she spoke to no one of the matter except the Lord, on whom she tried to cast her burdens. Still, her heart was heavy within her.

Now it so happened that Tildy, who slept with her younger brother in the little bedroom beyond her mother's, had overheard this conversation between her parents, and the little thing was sorely troubled about it. It seemed like a great black cloud settling over their home—as, indeed, it was. One Sunday, as Tildy was reading in her Testament,—her habit every Sunday evening—she came upon these words: "If two of you shall agree on earth touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." The devout little maiden was greatly impressed by this passage, and thought at once that therein was help for her father, although she couldn't exactly see how. For days she thought of this matter—in truth, she thought of little else; and she finally became convinced if she and her mother could agree in asking God to keep her father from drinking liquors of all kind, that it would be done. The trouble was she couldn't quite make up her mind to speak to her mother upon the subject. No good opportunity occurred—or so it seemed to Tildy—until one Sunday evening they chanced to be alone together, and Tildy began by saying: "See here, mother, did you know this was in the Bible?" and she handed her the Testament, pointing to the verse over which she had so long pondered.

"Yes, I knew it was there," said her mother.

"Do you s'pose it's true?" questioned Tildy.

"Why, of course 'tis; everything in the Bible is true," answered her mother.

"Well, then," stammered Tildy, "won't you—don't you believe if you and I should agree to ask God to take away father's taste for liquor, that He would do it?"

"Perhaps so," replied her mother, hardly knowing what to say.

"*I* believe He would; I know most for *certain* He would. And don't you think," continued Tildy, "we'd better pray more than just morning and night?"

"Perhaps so," said her mother, looking down into Tildy's eager, upturned face with a kind of wondering awe, so strange the child's faith seemed to her. "Yes," she added, after a moment's thought, "I think we would better pray three times a day at least: morning, noon, and night, perhaps."

Then she stooped down and kissed Tildy, and thus the agreement was sealed.

It was about three weeks after this that Uncle Eb's brother, Walter, came up from Claremont to make a visit. Tildy sat in the bar-room door, knitting and watching her baby-brother, who was playing outside the door one sunny morning, when she heard her Uncle Walter say, "How is it, Eb? I haven't seen you take a glass o' grog sence I come."

"Think likely," was the answer.

"What's up? I used to think you imbibed a leetle too freely."

"That's a fact! But I haven't drank a drop o' liquor for about a week, and, what's more, I don't calculate to up to my dying day. The fact is, 'twas making a beast of me." And Uncle Eb brought his hand down on the counter in a way that set the glasses jingling right musically. After a short pause he added, in a lower tone, "And its kind o' cur'us, but I haven't had no hankerings after it. I've somehow seemed to lose my taste for't."

Baby was suddenly left to his own devices, and Tildy ran in to tell her mother the good news. You are all bright enough to guess how rejoiced they were, but you will never know unless I tell you that "up to his dying day" Uncle Eb drank no more liquor. And, better still, he became a Christian, and then he concluded if liquor hurt him, it might others, and if it *hurt* others, it was wrong to sell it to them; and so it came to pass that Uncle Eb sold his tavern and bought a farm.—*Christian at Work.*

THE YOUNG SOUTHERNER.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

A knot of young doctors was gathered in a pleasant parlor on L Avenue, and the conversation turned upon intemperance, that prolific cause of disease and pauperism.

"Several years ago, before I thought of studying for a profession," said Dr. P——, "I was engaged in a wholesale establishment on F street.

"Among the salesmen was a Southern gentleman, one of the F. F. Vs, elegant, accomplished, generous, a truly noble fellow. He used to wear a diamond ring of great value and a splendid diamond in his shirt-bosom, of which he was, very naturally, a little proud.

"To this princely young Southerner the Southern trade, which was very heavy, was turned over entirely. The Southern merchants were convivial fellows, and the social glass passed quite too frequently for safety.

"Soon R—— began to wear a seedy look, and after a little he came in one day without his diamonds.

"'What have you done with them?' I asked in surprise.

"'Hung them up down town,' he said. Then I knew the pawnbroker held them. After this he went down fast, till a year later, when he had been discharged from his situation, I met him in a saloon, white and haggard as a ghost, his hair matted, his clothes tattered, a disgusting wreck.

"'Lend me ten dollars for God's sake, P——' he said. 'I haven't tasted food in three days.' I asked him to go with me to dinner; but no, he must have a drink. At last I gave him some money, when he immediately bought a glass of brandy and drank it down at a draught.

"'There goes a nail in your coffin,' I said to him; and, finding all remonstrance useless, I left him, and have never seen him since. He is doubtless dead long ago, but he was a noble fellow before drink got the mastery."

And the saddest thought of all is, that of the thousands slain yearly by the drink demon no memory is fondly cherished. The soldiers who fall fighting for their country live in the hearts of a grateful nation, which each year delights to decorate their graves with beautiful flowers. What flowers would be fitting to decorate the drunkard's grave?—*National Temperance Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE SHUTS OUT CIDER.

A lady had her name taken off a pledge when she found out that cider was prohibited. She said it was harmless, and she would drink all she wanted of it, and allow her family to use it. The following incident shows that cider can be the cause of habitual and confirmed drunkenness:

Writing a friend of mine last summer, who owned a large farm with a fine apple orchard, she said suddenly: "Did you know that cider would make drunkards?" I answered, "Yes, I have often heard that it will."

"Well," said my friend, "I have, as you know, never indentified myself with the temperance work; have never given the subject much thought, as I have never had an intemperate relative in my family, and so can not by any means be called a 'fanatic' on the temperance question. But I have found out, since I have been on this farm, that men can become drunkards on cider. We had a great many fine apples, and in my ignorance I allowed the hired men to make cider, as the neighboring farmers did. How bitterly I regret this now, for the consequence was, the men, and my son also, drank and drank for days and weeks, until one man, more intelligent and more frank than the rest, came and told me that they would all become drunkards if there was not a stop put to it. In alarm for my son, as well as for the others, I banished the temptation from the place, and becoming a strong total abstinence woman from that moment vowed that not another drop of cider should be made on my place again, though the apples rotted on the ground; for it is known that in a few hours after the juice is pressed from apples it will ferment, and fermentation will produce alcohol, and who shall say at what moment it is safe to drink it or not. The only safety lies in letting it alone altogether. About that time," continued my friend, "it was told to me that a neighbor on an adjoining farm, with his four sons, had become habitual drunkards from their annual crop of cider, made regularly and kept in the cellar. This example strengthened me in my resolve never to have one drop of the article in my house again."—*Signal.*

"DO AS I DO."

In a Midland county congregation was a worthy minister who was not a total abstainer. He was led, however, to adopt the total abstinence principle in a somewhat singular way. In his congregation was a lady, who had a fine boy, an only child. The boy's father and mother were both excellent people, but they observed with sorrow that as Ben grew up he became too fond of intoxicating drink. In their sorrows the minister shared, and he tried to do what he could to save the lad from ruin. When he was between nineteen and twenty years of age, the minister observed him one day, under the influence of liquor, walking by the side of his father's cart, in dangerous proximity to the cart wheel. Fearing he might fall under it, the good man thus accosted him: "Oh! Ben, you are drunk. Whatever can you be thinking about? Are you determined to break your father and mother's heart? Do you mean, Ben, to ruin your body and soul, and be lost forever?" "Well, minister," said Ben, in reply, "and pray how much do you take?" Thus challenged, his reprover was rather taken aback. Recovering himself, he said, "Ben, that's nothing to do with it; you know I don't get drunk." "That's true, sir, but tell me how much do you take?" "Well, I have half a pint of porter for dinner, and the same quantity, sometimes, for supper." "But do you not sometimes take a glass of wine?" "Sometimes, certainly." "Then," said Ben, with an air of triumph, and extending his hand, "let us shake hands; you take as much as you like, and I take as much as I like." So impressed was the minister with Ben's way of putting the thing, that soon after he went to a temperance meeting, and signed the pledge. It was not long before he again met the young man, evidently the worse for drink. Then, said he, accosting him, "Now, Ben, do as I do." "What do you mean, minister; don't we both do just what we like?" "Yes; but I have signed the pledge." "Have you? and what have you done that for?" "To save such as you." "Then," said he, "I'll sign, too." The young man kept his word; he signed the pledge and kept it; and thus instead of bringing his father and mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, he became their comfort in their old age, a useful teacher in the Sunday-school, and an earnest Christian man. How powerful is that ministry which, when challenged, can, in the adoption of that which is right, say, "Do as I do!"

H. W.

HOW TO PAY RENT.

A blacksmith was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money he could not possibly pay his rent.

The merchant inquired how much "grog" he used in his family in the course of the day. Upon receiving the answer to this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed that the cost of the blacksmith's spirits amounted to *considerably more* money in the year than his house-rent! The calculation so astonished the blacksmith, that he determined from that day neither to buy nor drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year he not only paid his rent and the iron merchant, but also bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in this wise course through life, and, with God's blessing, competence and respectability were the consequence.

DR. NORMAN KERR, conducted a party of fifty members of the Church Homiletical Society, with their friends, over Mr. F. Wright's unfermented wine manufactory at Kensington a few days since. Half a ton of grapes was crushed, and the wine prepared and bottled on the spot. Among the visitors were the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Dr. Valpy French, the Rev. H. Lansdell, F.R.G.S., and other influential clergymen.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE HOUSE WITH CLOSETS.

How dear to the heart of the housekeeping woman
Are comforts of which so few architects tell;
Nice children, good servants, and plenty of room in
The well-fitted mansion in which they must dwell.
But first of the blessings kind fortune can give her,
If she in the city or country abide,
Is that which she longs for and covets forever,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride—
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride.

The house may be perfect from garret to cellar,
Well lighted, well aired, with cold water and hot;
And yet to the eye of the feminine dweller,
If closetless, all is as if it were not.
How oft she has sunk like a dove that is wounded,
How oft she has secretly grumbled and sighed,
Because she saw not, though with all else surrounded,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride!
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride.

Fond husbands, who fain would have home be an Eden,
For you and your Eves all complete as a whole,
To read in, to write in, to sleep in, to feed in,
Forget not the closets so dear to the soul;
But build them in corners, in nooks, and in crannies,
Wherever a closet may harbor or hide.
And give to your Marys, your Kates, and your Annies,
The big airy closets, their joy and their pride—
The roomy, clean closets, the well-ordered closets,
The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride.

WASHING BLANKETS.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We well remember calling on a young housekeeper, and finding her in the depth of despondency. We were hardly seated before she told us her troubles and begged for a remedy.

"Oh, my pretty soft new blankets are utterly ruined! Look at them! Not one year in use, and now what wretched objects!"

"Did you give any cautions to your laundress about washing them?"

"Why, I told her she must be very careful and particular, and she assured me she understood doing them up so that they would look like new. I supposed she did; but I know nothing about washing. I never did such a thing in my life as to wash a blanket or anything else. When the blankets were brought up to me in the state you now see them I was dreadfully shocked. She said she never saw any look like them in her life, and she was sure it must be something in the wool from which they were made. Is that possible?"

"By no means. It is perfectly absurd. Did you ask her how she washed the blankets?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have known anything about it if I had, and would only have exposed my own ignorance before a servant. But she assured me that she rubbed them hard, soaped them thoroughly, and boiled them in good clean suds."

"No wonder that your blankets are well nigh ruined. 'Rubbed, soaped, boiled!' That is quite enough to make any woollen article brown, and thick as a piece of broadcloth."

Now a young lady who marries before she has been well instructed in household duties will be very apt to have all her pretty, choice outfit destroyed in a short time; and then, if sensible, will learn by that severe experience that the mistress must not only overlook her servants, but educate herself into a perfect knowledge of the best way of having each separate duty performed. Then, by patient continuance in well doing, she will reap a rich reward and begin to realize how much pleasure the mistress of a well ordered house can secure.

In the first place, blankets do not need washing often. They are used between the upper sheet and the bedspread, and if properly handled need not be soiled for a long time. Occasionally blankets should be pinned evenly on the clothes-line to be well aired and freshened. Always choose a bright fair day for this work in a clean grassy yard, so that no dust will lodge on them. A tolerably windy day is desirable, for it will whip out the dust and lint that may have settled in them through constant use.

When blankets really need washing the first step is to see that there is plenty of boiling water on hand. Select two of the largest tubs, and fill one half full of boiling water, leaving plenty more boiling, for rinsing. Dissolve and pour into the first tub two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax and sufficient soap to make a good lather, but on no account rub soap on to the blankets, or leave the smallest bit floating on the water to settle on them. Put into the tub but one blanket at a time. Shake it up and down, turn it over in the suds with the cloth-stick press it under the water, and then leave it to soak until the water is cool enough to put the hands in. Then examine every part, gently squeezing the suds through. Never use a washboard or wringer in washing blankets or flannels. Rubbing makes them hard, "fulls" them up, by matting together the fleecy surface.

When the water has cooled to a degree that the hands may be used with comfort, get ready the rinsing tub; fill it half full of boiling water; stir in as much bluing as will give the water a clear blue color. The first suds should be so strong that the blankets, after being wrung out, will retain sufficient soap for the rinsing water, which, with woollens, always requires a little soap. Having the rinsing water prepared, wring out the blanket from the first suds. Bed blankets require two persons to wring them. When wrung out as dry as two can do it, each person should take firm hold of opposite ends and snap the blanket well and quickly. Then put them into the rinsing water, and both take hold and shake it up and down till the water has freely flowed through every part. Wring it out as dry as possible. Snap again vigorously, to shake up the flossy fabric and prevent any water settling in the blanket. Carry to the clothes-line and hang it smoothly and evenly, so that the four corners can be pulled out so perfectly true that they match each other; pin on strong. A tolerably windy day is the best for washing woollens, and they must never be washed on a dull, foggy or stormy day.

About every half hour, or when the next blanket is taken to the line, unpin the first and now spread it on widthwise, pull the selvages together in a straight line perfectly even, and pull downward from the line, to prevent its shrinking or cockling. A good wind snaps out the water, makes the blanket sop and fleecy, and gives it little chance to shrink. When the blanket is perfectly dry fold very evenly; lay it across a long table when folding, and pull evenly, but never press or iron a blanket.

An old-fashioned pounding barrel is the best thing to wash blankets or flannels in, provided one can get the Metropolitan Washing Machine, or a pounder like that with elastic springs. Then the articles can be well washed without waiting for water cool enough to put the hands in. The water filters through the holes of the dasher and through all parts of the woollens, and the rebound of the elastic springs prevents that hard pressure which fulls up woollens.

Flannels of all kinds should be washed just like blankets, only they must be brought from the line when quite damp, pulled out and folded evenly. By folding flannels somewhat damp, if there is any spot a little fulled or cockled, when damp it can be pulled out. Roll each article up tightly for a little while, until the whole is dampened alike; then press evenly till perfectly dry. Don't iron as you do cotton or linen, but press, pulling the garment taut from the iron as you press. Washed in this way, woollens will remain soft and fleecy as long as they last.

There are many theories on the subject of washing woollens. Some advise washing in cold water; some soaking all night in cold water. For the purpose of experimenting, we have tried many ways on old flannels, but have the best results from the rules here given.

Professor Youmans says: "Woollen fabrics, by compression and friction, will mat and lock together; but cotton and linen fibres, having no such asperities of surface, are incapable of close mechanical adherence. The fetting, fulling and shrinking of woollen are caused by the binding together of the ultimate filaments. This shows the impolicy of excessive rubbing in washing woollen fabrics, or of changing them from hot to cold water, as the contraction it causes is essentially a fulling process. The best experience seems to indicate that woollens should never be put into cold water, but always into warm, and if changed from water to water, they should always go from hot to hotter. In cleansing delaines for printing, they are placed first in water at 100° or 120°, and then they are treated eight or ten times with water 10° botter in each change." By that process they never shrink.—*Christian Union.*

REARING AND TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Never hamper and torment children with clothes that are "too nice" to be anything but wretched in. They may be taught reasonable care in regard to soiling their clothes, but to see a child in constant spiritual strait jacket, for fear the mud-cakes, or the game of marbles, or the jolly romp will soil the knees, or "muss" the apron or disarrange the hair, is an indication of idiotic parentage. There are cheap, light, half-wool fabrics, sold in gray, and in brown plaids and stripes, that—piped with bright colors—make up into excellent dresses or blouses for little folk, being just as cool as print or gingham, requiring no starching when washed, and not soiling or rumpling easily.

Let the children have plenty of sleep. I have seen young children—almost infants—waked and made to get up two hours before their natural sleep was finished, merely because it was thought best that they should "eat breakfast with the other people." Imagine yourself in the hands of a giant, and being hauled out of bed while in the midst of profound and refreshing slumber, just for the privilege of eating breakfast with a lot of other giants who grin at you if you are cross, and perhaps vigorously spank you—some one of them—if you say or do anything expressive of your wretched feelings. There are no healthy children who take more sleep than they need; and yet we often see young boys "routed" before sunrise and set to work, with empty stomachs and dizzy heads, at chores that might just as well await the coming of a decent hour. Let us all pray to be preserved from that slashing, mule-headed, and often ignorant farmer, who "drives" everything before him—including his wife and children! In the long run he comes out a good way behind his more efficient and more enlightened neighbor who takes things easily and does things pleasantly and steers clear of that kind of haste which makes waste. The first step toward making boys "hate the farm" is to cut down their rightful hours of sleep, and make the beginning of every day thoroughly wretched to them.—*Mrs. E. H. Leland, in American Agriculturist.*

HINTS FOR THE POULTRY YARD.

There is nothing new in the following suggestions of the New York *Tribune* in reference to poultry, but they are as practical now as ever;

"First, hens, to do well must have a warm, dry place, with plenty of sunshine. We always keep a box of ashes for them to wallow in, which should be kept perfectly dry. Every few weeks, and sometimes oftener, the hennery is thoroughly dusted with dry ashes, occasionally adding a little sulphur. And once in a while we wet the roosts with with kerosene. A spring-bottom oil can is just the thing for the purpose. Attending to these rules carefully, you need not have lice, which is an important item in keeping poultry. Our chief object is eggs, for which there is generally a ready market and good price. And to lay well hens must have plenty to eat and of the right kind. We generally feed corn and in the winter let them shell it for themselves, after giving each ear a blow or two with the hammer or something of that kind to start the kernels. This gives them exercise and keeps them from eating too much. One would think they would not get enough to eat in this way; but if kept before them in a clean, dry place, they will keep fat. Give them each morning what they will pick off during the day."

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

Read forward, I'm a color
Of rather sombre hue;
At least I'm not as brilliant
As scarlet, pink, or blue.

Read backward, I am sometimes used
As synonym for poet;
Now tell me, puzzle-loving girls
Do any of you know it?

WORD REBUS.

1-16 lb.

To proclaim.

NUMERICAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Take six from to seize or to transport by force, and leave hasty.

2. Take four from a common soldier, and leave idle talk.

3. Take five from the juice of meat and leave a color.

Example.—Take nine from another number, and leave a pen. *Ans.*—s(ix)ty.

RIDDLE.

I am a word of letters few,
And well acquainted, sir, with you;
I'm useful, ornamental, too
I'm found in pulpit and in pew;
I'm white, brown, red, and even blue,
I'm almost every shape and hue,
I'm sold by yard, by bag, by box,
Protected, too, by good strong locks;
And then again you treat me ill,
You judge, and hang me at your will;
You cut and twist and cast me out
With rubbish you may have about.
Age tells on me, as on mankind;
I wrinkle, fade, grow thin, you find.
I'm useful to the puzzle band,
I'm even now quite near at hand.
I think you know me pretty well,—
Who'll be the first my name to tell?

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A part of the body. 3. A retreat. 4. A wild flower. 5. A musical term. 6. A track. 7. A letter.

BURIED VERBS OF AFFECTION.

1. Which do you like better, "wo" or "woe"? The one I suppose is ancient, the other modern.

2. I wish that you would do an errand for me in the city, for I find that my red crewel comes short.

3. There are some hospitals into which a small pox-patient is not allowed to enter. Taint like this might affect other sick people fatally.

4. A boy fell into a muddy pool, and had mire for an outside garment until he could run home for a change.

5. About this apparent insult I think you are making an unnecessary ado. Really you might overlook it, when Robert is usually so kind.

6. I cannot help trembling for the adventurers, as the risk is so great and the chances of success are so small.

7. Jessie be careful not to fall over the bank, for it is very rocky below.

8. What a splendid time we have had this summer among the lakes teeming with fish, which really seemed waiting to be caught.

9. What a comfort it is to travel in a car essentially comfortable, as well as essentially fine, such as Pullman has given us.

10. This is such a dry summer that we are gardening in dust and disappointment, so to speak.

11. You may have the most elegant articles in your drawing-room for the enjoyment of the eye; but a useful kitchen dresser very often delights the queen of the kitchen as much as works of art the queen of the parlor.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JANUARY 15.

Charade.—Foxglove.

Central Acrostic.—

O N-I-O N
T A-N-S Y
A L-D-E R
B R-I-E R
P E-A-O H

Beheadings.—S-ell, b-urn, c-oats, b-alms, c-limb, c-hair.

Charade.—Jackman.

Transpositions.—1, meats. 2, mates. 3, steam. 4, teams.

Mission Tour.—Antioch. Seleucia, Salamis, Paphos, Perga, Pasidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, Attalia, Antioch (in Syria).

Odd Diamond.—

E
E L L
C R E E P
C A R P E T S
B R A H M I N
R E A L M
O N E
T

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

"Do put up that tiresome Testament, and come to bed, Marie. I should think you'd be sufficiently wearied, after our day's jaunt, without poking through those chapters. What a bore it must be to have to be pious. And tomorrow is Sunday, too. I wish I could sleep all day It is always such a stupid, irksome day."

Marie, who was visiting her friend Rose, looked up with a bright smile, as she said.

"Why, Rose. You must be more than sufficiently tired, since you are almost unamiable. I should think you would be glad of the sweet refreshment of the coming Sabbath."

"Now that sounds like cant," returned Rose, rising from the bed whereon she had thrown herself half undressed. "Do you really enjoy Sunday? I believe you do enjoy reading that Testament, or you'd forget to go at it so regularly. For my part, I can't abide to read the Bible. It's the dreariest book."

"Yes," replied Marie, with a quiet smile. "That goes without telling."

"Now how should you know?" asked Rose. "Have you found it so, yourself?"

"No," said Marie. "It is the most interesting of all books to me. And Sunday is the best of all days. It is the pearl of days. I do enjoy it."

"H'm!" said Rose. "I don't see how you can. Here, we lie abed till all hours, dawdle over the breakfast, and try to be solemn, and only succeed in being stupid, maybe cross. Then we fuss up and go to church. I hardly know what for Our church is just the pokiest in town, I think. One does see pretty costumes there, however. And the choir is—middling. Then, after dinner papa reads the Sunday papers, and smokes, and we all lounge around our rooms in the most tiresome fashion, for mamma won't allow us to play the piano, or go to walk, or even read novels on Sunday. She's fearfully strict. The only recreation I ever have on Sunday is in writing to the girls at boarding school. Oh, it's dismally stupid, I assure you, and I'm always glad when it's over."

Marie made no comment upon Rose's account of the Sabbath in her home. She only answered brightly.

"At our house we rise as early on Sunday as on another day. And somehow I always think of those other Maries who rose very early in the morning, the first day of the week, and brought sweet spices, don't you remember? And every Sunday seems like Easter Sunday to me, as I think, 'The Lord is risen indeed.' It makes the whole day beautiful."

"I never think such thoughts," said Rose in low voice. "But they are beautiful."

"We girls then go into our little garden and make what we call a Sunday posy for papa and mamma. We lay them on their breakfast plates, and in their turn they repeat a verse of Scripture for each one of us to hold in our mind through the day. At worship on Sundays, we read a verse about, and ask and answer questions on the lesson. And we sing an anthem. On week days we do not sing. Our Sunday readings are always on some particular theme, and we find them very full of interest. Often we remain in the parlor after prayers, singing chants and anthems, until time to prepare for Sunday-school. Papa, mamma, and all of us go to Sunday-school and church. We think them both delightful. After dinner we go to our rooms for an hour or two to look over the catechism and the next Sunday's lesson. And at five o'clock mamma has us all in her room, where she hears us recite the catechism, and we sing hymns, and have a Bible reading and just the nicest, sweetest little talks. Oh, you can't imagine how pleasant that hour is. Six o'clock always comes too soon. After tea we attend church; one of us remaining with the little children, by turn. And when we are all in bed, mamma visits us and kisses every one, and asks if it has been a happy day—a delight. If anything has marred it, or if there has been any trouble, or bother, or error of conduct, we tell all to mamma, and together we take it to our blessed Saviour, and get it all straightened out and set right, that we may begin the week with a good conscience.

After a pause Rose said thoughtfully, "I think much depends upon the way one spends the time. I believe I too could enjoy a day spent as you describe your Sundays"

"Mamma says that to enjoy our Sabbaths we must keep them holy, as the fourth commandment requires. We must rest from worldly cares and thoughts, and enter into the blessedness of the day by fixing our attention upon the Lord's things—for it is the Lord who blessed the Sabbath and hallowed it for the good of all his creations."

"Marie," said Rose, as she turned over the pages of the unused Testament, "let us read tomorrow of those Maries, please, and let me learn of you how to keep the Sabbath, for I should dearly love to enjoy a Sunday. It's a new idea."

"Yet God means the Sabbath for a delight," answers Marie, "for he says so in his holy word."—*Child's Paper.*

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON.—MENDING DOLLY'S CLOTHES.

HOW THE LIGHT ENTERS.

In Bohemia I met a man who had been converted by the reading of the Bible, and who now does all in his power to make others acquainted with the Word of God. Many years ago he had purchased a Bible, but had not used it, because he thought that such a pious person as he was did not need a book of that sort. He was a very zealous Catholic, and when the Jesuits came to his place on a missionary tour, he went eighteen times to their sermons. In one of their discourses, one of the Jesuits warned the people to hold fast to their faith. He said he had known a man, a very earnest Christian, who had turned heretic and become a Protestant. These words made a deep impression on him. "A good Catholic turn heretic! that was strange." One day he tried to convince a Protestant of his errors, and the latter replied, "Why dispute about the matter? Let God's Word decide." Well, he possessed a Bible, but was that really a faithful version of the Scriptures? To settle the question he went to the monastery to borrow a genuine Bible and to compare it with his copy. The first priest whom he asked for a copy had none; he knew it all by heart, he said—at least, all that he needed. The second had to look a long time for his copy, and produced it at last from under a heap of old rubbish. "What do you want the book for?" he asked. The man told him. "I gladly lend it you. I know it won't do you any harm, you are a good Catholic." Well, the two copies agreed. The man read and read till he saw that he was wrong and the Protestant right. The end was that he left the Roman Catholic Church, because, as he said, "I must stick to the very words of God." He has to suffer much persecution, but he bears it with great joy.—*Bible Society Report.*

WE SHOULD DO NOTHING inconsistent with the spirit and genius of our institutions. We should do nothing for revenge, but everything for security; nothing for the past, everything for the present and future.—*James A. Garfield.*

OUR LANTERN.

BY THE REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path—Psalm cxix, 105.

If I should ask you to tell me aloud what "a lamp for the feet" and "a light for the path" is called some of you who once lived in the country would say, "A lantern." Far away from the cities, where there are no gas-lights beside the road, when people want to walk from one house to another in the dark cloudy evenings, they carry a lamp in a glass lantern, down near their feet, to shine on the ground just ahead of them and save them from stepping into holes or mud, and to prevent them from getting out of the right road. In the lands where the Bible was written they did not have and do not have even now any lamp-posts along the dirty and rocky streets of even the cities, and so people who go out at night have to carry lanterns. They are mostly like our Chinese lanterns for celebrations, only plain white cloth inside of red and yellow paper, and with strong brass plates at the top and bottom. If the police of these cities find any one on the streets at night without a lantern, they suppose that he is a thief or murderer, prowling about in the dark, and so lock him up in gaol. So all wise and good people in those lands carry lanterns at night to keep them from getting into mud, or tumbling over rocks, or losing their way, or being arrested by the police.

God tells us the Bible is like such a lantern. How this is a story will show.

A ragged errand-boy was carefully printing with chalk on a gate the Bible text, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

So interested was he with his work that he did not notice a kind-looking old gentleman who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood beside him.

"M—y," said the boy, repeating the letters aloud as he formed them with care. "F—double e—t, feet."

"Well done, my boy, well done!" said the old gentleman. "Where did you learn that?"

"At the Mission Sunday-school, sir," replied the boy, half frightened, and thinking the old gentleman was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate.

"Don't run away; I'm not going to hurt you. What is your name?"

"Nicholas."

"So you learned that text at the Sunday-school. Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir," said Nicholas.

"What is a lamp?"

"A lamp? why, a lamp! a thing what gives light!"

"And what is the *word* that the text speaks off?"

"The Bible, sir."

"That's right. Now, how can the Bible be a lamp and give light?"

"I don't know, 'less you set it afire," said Nicholas.

"There's a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night with an unlighted lantern in your hand and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Why, light the lantern, sir," replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that any one should ask such a foolish question.

"What would you light it for?"

"To show me the road, sir."

"Very well. Now, suppose you were walking behind me some day, and saw me drop a shilling, what would you do?"

"Pick it up, and give it you again, sir."

"Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?"

Nicholas hesitated; but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and with an answering one on his own, he said, "I should *want* to, sir, but I shouldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be stealing."

"How do you know?"

"It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal."

"Oh!" said the old gentleman, so it's the Bible that makes you honest, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you had never heard of the Bible you would steal, I suppose."

"Lots of the boys do," said Nicholas, hanging his head,

"And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?"

"Like the lamp!" said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant. "Is that what the text means?"

"Yes; there is always light in the Bible to show us where to go. Now, my boy, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp and let it light you right through life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you will be safer with it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because if I'm honest I shan't stand any chance of going to prison."

"And what else?"

Nicholas thought for a few minutes, "If I mind the Bible I shall go to heaven," he said at last.

"Yes, that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into heaven. Good-by, my lad. Here's a shilling for you, and mind you don't keep the Bible light covered up by not reading it.

"Yes, sir," said Nicholas, grasping the shilling, and touching his ragged cap; "I'll mind."

When Robert Raikes started Sunday-school a hundred years ago in a place where the boys and girls, before that, used to spend the Sundays in swearing and fighting, the Bible was like a lantern to many poor boys like Nicholas, to show them the right way to speak and act and walk, and to keep them from going wrong, and to show them how to go to heaven. Since then Sunday-schools have multiplied, until fourteen millions of people, mostly children, now go to Sunday-school, and get the Bible as a lantern to show them how to go right in this world and how to get to heaven at last.

If we have God's words in our memories, and can repeat them to help others, our hearts also will be like lanterns, to show people the right way, That is what Jesus means when he says. "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light shine"

"Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle shining in the night.
In the world is darkness—we must shine,
You in your small corner, I in mine."
—*Christian Union.*

TELLING MOTHER.

A cluster of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a secret, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I wont tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother, no one in the world."

"Well then I can't hear it; *for what I can't tell my mother, is not fit for me to hear.*" After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

If you have no mother, do as the disciples did; go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."—Ps. 1. 1, 2.—*Ex.*

SHE KEPT HER TEMPER.

Just before calling on a family of my acquaintance a few days ago, the lady of the house met with a slight mishap. I found her wiping up some melted lard which she had accidentally spilled on the floor. On asking her whether she had been enabled to keep her temper on doing it, she said that she thought so. She said that she was at the time singing the song in which occur the words: "At the name of Jesus bowing," and that she "kept right on."

Not every housekeeper in the circumstances would have done so. Many, on upsetting a dish of lard, would have had their temper upset at the same time, and have been sorely vexed. It is these little, unexpected incidents that test us, and show to ourselves and to others what manner of spirit we are of. It is by the manifestation of a Christian spirit at the little vexations of life that we adorn religion and bring honor upon it. If, then, our temper is unruffled; if with an untroubled spirit we keep right on singing the sweet songs of Zion, or maintain a cheerful disposition, we thus recommend the religion of the gospel, exhibiting to the world its beauty and its power.—*American Messenger.*

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

"I was once attending a missionary meeting in Scotland," said a minister. "There it is the custom to take up the collection at the door as the people go out. A poor woman, in going out, dropped a sovereign into the plate. The deacon who held the plate said, 'I'm sure you cannot afford to give as much as that,' 'Oh yes, I can,' she said. 'Do take it back,' said the deacon. She replied, 'I must give it. I love to give for Jesus' sake.' Then the deacon said, 'Take it home to-night, and if, after thinking it over, you still wish to give it, you can send it in the morning.'"

"In the morning I was sitting at breakfast with the deacon, when a little note came from this woman; but the note contained two sovereigns, 'You won't take them?' I said to the deacon. 'Of course I shall,' said he. 'I know that good woman well, If I send them back, she will send four next time.'" This was indeed "loving to give."—*Word and Work.*

ST. PHILIP NERI'S LESSON.

A woman coming to confess to the reverend father, told him that she had slandered her neighbors, and that she was much addicted to that sin.

St. Philip commended her to the mercy of God, and ordered this penance for her. "Go to the nearest market," said he, "and purchase a fowl with the feathers on. Then return, but pluck off the feathers as you walk, and when you bring me the clean picked fowl I will tell you what to do." The penitent obeyed his instructions to the letter; but when she brought him the clean picked fowl, he told her to go back and gather up all the feathers. The poor woman pleaded that it was impossible.

"Ah," said the good father, "so it is with your words of slander. They are scattered everywhere, and you cannot recall them. Go, and sin no more."

The Family Circle.

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what will befall me! God hangs
a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my onward path he
makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy he sends me comes as a sweet
and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread the days
of the year;
But the past is still in God's keeping, the
future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance may
brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded Future has less bitter
than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the water before I
stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand
beside its brink.

It may be he has waiting for the coming of
my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy
so strangely sweet,
That my life can only tremble with the thanks
I cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed
not to know!
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will
not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom
which loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing! I would not if I
might;
I would rather walk in the dark, with God,
than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than
walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the
Future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear
Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back with the
whispered word, "He knows."

—*Selected.*

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER III.—*FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Mrs. Curtis accompanied her brother-in-law and the girls to the convent. It was situated in a pretty little village a few miles from New York, and two or three from any railway station, but a carriage had been sent to meet the train, which would also convey Mr. and Mrs. Curtis back again, a piece of attention on the part of the convent authorities which Mr. Curtis thought very kind, but which was not altogether so disinterested as it seemed. With a carriage waiting at the gate to take them back, no one could make a very minute inspection of the establishment, and as any further visits were not expected or encouraged, it is not strange that everything, seen at a cursory glance, should appear all that was desirable. They were received at the gate by a lay sister, and conducted through an outer court to a visitor's parlor. Beyond this Mr. Curtis was not invited to go, but Mrs. Curtis and the new pupils were taken to the Mother Superior's room, while Augusta and Annette, being met on their way by two of the other sisters, were carried off in another direction, the nuns saying the Superior would be glad to see Augusta after she had made the acquaintance of her new friends.

No one could fail to be impressed by the stately bearing and calm dignity of the Mother Superior, and yet it was blended with such a look of gentleness, of suffering meekness, it seemed to Mrs. Curtis, that the widow's heart was won at once. No harm could come to her girls under such a guardianship, she felt sure, and she was quite disposed to receive every thing that was said as absolute truth. She had heard a good deal, too, about the ignorance and bigotry of Roman Catholics, but this room where the Superior received them bore ample evidence that some, at least, could appreciate the learning and culture of the outside world. Books on all sorts of sciences and subjects lay on the table, or were ranged in stands easy of access. Cabinets of mineral specimens and various curiosities stood invitingly open. Globes and maps, and an elegant piano, with pictures and a few choice specimens of sculpture likewise adorned the room, while there was little to suggest that this was the reception room of a nunnery.

After a little pleasant conversation had passed, the Lady Superior asked if Mrs. Curtis would like to inspect the school-rooms and sleeping apartments of the scholars. This, of course, she was most anxious to do, and she ventured to prefer Milly's request, that the cousins might be as near together as possible.

The Superior smiled. "That is, of course, a very natural wish, and I will mention it to Sister Ursula, who has this department entirely under her charge."

As she said this she touched a small silver gong, and a lay sister at once appeared, a pleasant-faced young woman, almost as good to look at as the Superior herself.

"You will show this lady every thing she may desire to see, Sister Susan," said the Superior.

Milly rose to go with her aunt, anxious to have some voice, if possible, in the selection of their rooms, but the Superior instantly said, "I should like you to stay with me, that we may get acquainted. Your aunt will not be long," she added, "for the carriage is waiting at the gate."

Mrs. Curtis hardly needed this hint, with her brother-in-law waiting in the outer parlor; but still she was resolved to see all she could, and followed her guide up a broad flight of stairs to the dormitories above.

No fault could be found with these. There was a little room partitioned off for each two girls, with a neat white bed, a chest of drawers, and a couple of chairs in each. There was a cross hanging over the head of each bed, and a life-size image of the Virgin at the upper end of the corridor, but these need not interfere with her girls, she thought. Nothing could be better in the way of light and air, for the little chambers were but portions of one long, lofty room, the partitions being of the slightest description, and only about the height of a moderately tall person. Her guide explained that at one time curtains were used to divide the beds, but, to secure greater privacy for those who desired it, these partitions had been put up.

There was only one thing she could have wished altered, but she knew that in many boarding-schools it was a usual thing to have a common wash room, instead of a washing stand in each little bedroom, and so to this she made no demur. The wash room was at the further end of the corridor, and she could not fail to notice how Sister Susan paused for a moment before the image of the Virgin, to mutter a few words and cross herself. She smiled at what she deemed such ignorant idolatry, and had little doubt that Amy would do the same at first, but that it would ever cause her any serious trouble never once crossed her mind.

Having looked at the washing room, with its rows of basins, taps and towels, she went down stairs to see the school and class rooms, music rooms, refectory and playground. Having completed her tour of inspection, she went back to express her thanks to the Lady Superior for her courtesy, and the perfect confidence she felt in leaving her daughters under such guardianship.

The girls went with her to the outer parlor, to bid Mr. Curtis farewell, and it was no small comfort to him to hear from her such a favorable report of the house and the lady who guided its affairs. There were a few tears shed when the lady and gentleman took their departure, but Amy resolutely checked back her sobs, for fear of distressing her mother, and turned to comfort and cheer her sister.

Sister Susan now told them to follow her to the school room, at the door of which an elderly nun met them and showed them where to put their hats and mantles, and then introduced them to their new school fellows, about thirty of whom were already assembled in the school room. It was recreation time, and the girls were chattering away like so many magpies, despite the presence of two nuns, who sat at either end of the room.

There was a hushing of the chatter as the new-comers' names were announced, and Milly looked round, hoping to see Augusta come forward to meet and welcome her. But she could not see anything of her friend, and was turning toward Amy, feeling greatly disappointed, when one of the nuns came up and introduced herself as mistress-general of the school, and asked Milly her name, and where she came from, and hearing she was Miss Crane's friend, she called another girl from the further end of the room, and introduced her as Miss Raven.

"Miss Curtis is to be your room-mate, so you must be friends," she said, speaking to Miss Raven.

The young lady bowed and placed herself beside Milly. I shall be very glad to help Miss Curtis. You must feel strange among us at first," she said, speaking to Milly.

"I have my two cousins, with me you see, so that I shall not feel so very lonely," said Milly drawing Amy close to her side.

Miss Raven smiled. "Of course it will make a difference, but as we are to be room-mates, you see—" she said, and then she paused.

"O, I shall be very glad if we can be friends, only you see I have not had time to see any body yet, and you may not like me when you know me better," she added laughing.

"I can always like those I am bidden to like," she said.

"Yes, but no one has asked you to do that yet," said Milly, boldly. She did not think she should like Miss Raven, and therefore she did not care if she was offended at her plain speaking. She would not have her for a room-mate, either, if she could help it, that she was determined. She would see Augusta by and by, and ask her if they could not share a room together, as they were such old friends.

She was just whispering this determination to Amy, when the sound of a gong was heard from the mistress' desk, and in a moment every tongue was still, and the girls ranged themselves along the wall with almost military precision, all but one or two, who, like themselves were new comers, and stood stock still, looking and feeling very foolish standing alone in the middle of that large room.

"New scholars follow the rest until they can learn to take their proper places," said the nun-mistress in a commanding tone.

Milly and Amy glanced round instinctively as they heard it, and something like a shiver of fear passed over them. No one would ever dare to disobey that voice they thought, and the look of command that accompanied it was enough to awe the most rebellious into submission.

Miss Raven contrived to place herself between Milly and Amy as they walked into the refectory, and, of course, placed herself between the cousins at the table where tea had just been served. Milly frowned as she took her seat, but the remembrance of the stern tones of the nun-mistress' voice was sufficient to subdue her rising anger, although a glance at the slices of thick bread and butter and watery-looking tea, made her turn up her nose as she thought of the well spread table at home.

When all were in their places, a nun at the head of the table said grace, which occupied about five minutes, and then as soon as the girls were seated again began reading.

The strictest silence was enforced at the table, every thing that was needed being asked for by signs, that the girls' attention might not be distracted from the subject being read.

To-day it was upon the duty of obedience, and Amy, as she listened, could not but be startled by what she heard.

"That holy obedience may be perfect in us, in every point, in execution, in will, in intellect, doing whatever is enjoined us with all celerity, with spiritual joy and perseverance, persuading ourselves that all is right, suppressing every repugnant thought of our own in a sure obedience, and that, moreover, in all things which are determined by the Superior wherein it cannot be defined, as is said, any kind of sin appears. And let every one persuade himself that they who live under obedience should permit themselves to be moved and directed under Providence by their Superiors, just as if they were a corpse which allows itself to be moved and handled in any way, or as the staff of an aged man which serves him wherever, and in whatever things he who holds it in his hand pleases to use it. Thus obedient he should execute anything on which the Superior chooses to employ him with cheerfulness of mind, and altogether believe that he will answer the divine will better in that way than in any other which he can follow in compliance with his own will and different judgment."*

When tea was over, and the mistress announced that there would be an hour's recess instead of the usual lessons, Amy contrived to whisper to Milly, "Did you listen to the reading at tea-time."

"I heard a little of it. But did you ever eat such stale bread before, Amy, and the butter—well I don't believe it was butter at all," she added, with a gesture of disgust.

"Well, it wasn't very good, certainly, but it was better than the obedience that book teaches," said Amy, laughing.

"What fault have you to find with what Sister Cecilia read," asked Miss Raven quietly.

"Well, it says I am to have no will, no feeling, no conscience of my own, but do exactly as the Superior tells me, as though I were a corpse or stick," said Amy.

"And would not that be the perfection of obedience—the making a total surrender of ourselves to God."

"There is not a word about God in it," said Amy; "it is to the Superior I am to yield this obedience."

"But the Superior claims it of us as a proof of our devotion to God," said Miss Raven, quickly.

"Then according to this book she stands in the place of God to us, and demands of us even more than God himself does."

"How can you say such things, Miss Curtis? Are we not taught everywhere to make a perfect surrender of ourselves to the will of God. But I am forgetting. You are not of the true Church Catholic, and can know nothing of this sweet compulsion of obedience. O that you did, how many sorrows and trials you would be spared!" said Miss Raven, fervently.

"I have been thinking something like this, lately," put in Florie, the tears coming into her eyes as she spoke. "Perhaps if I had yielded myself a willing sacrifice to the will of God in everything, poor dear papa might have been spared to us for many years longer."

"Very likely," said Miss Raven, quickly. "Nothing but the most perfect obedience in every thing can ever gain for us the favor of God."

"I know that God requires our obedience, but the Bible says it is a 'reasonable service,' and we are to be living sacrifices, not corpses and sticks," said Amy with equal warmth.

"Don't quarrel about things nobody can understand," said Milly, with a yawn.

"But I can understand this, that the obedience required by this book is so blind, so unreasoning, that I could never be obedient after this pattern," said Amy.

"That is because you have never learned the humility necessary. It is hard to give up our own proud will and reason about things," said Miss Raven.

"I never could give up my reason," said Amy. "God gave it me to use—to judge between things right and wrong."

"Ah! but how can you judge, how can you know whether a thing is right or wrong if you are not guided by some one wiser—some infallible judge?"

"There are many things we hardly know what to think about, whether they are right or wrong," said Florie, with something of a sigh.

"You have felt the unrest of doubt and difficulty if your sister has not," said Miss Raven.

"Yes, I have been puzzled to know what to think about some things, especially since poor papa died," confessed Florie.

"Well, but you know right from wrong in most things; you know that if any one should order you to tell a lie, for instance, you have no business to do it," said Amy.

"Well, nobody would tell another to commit sin, and call that obedience to God," said Florie.

"We have no right to set up our judgment as to what is sin in the matter of obedience," said Miss Raven. "We cannot suppose that our Superior would order us to do anything sinful. If it seems so to us, it is because we cannot understand all about it, and the good it is likely to effect, and, therefore, we must, with modesty, think that we have erred in our thoughts, and with true humility defer to the judgment of our Superior as right, whatever it may seem to us in our pride of natural reason."

"Then you mean to say we ought to sin

* The Constitutions of the Society of Jesus.

if the Superior orders us to do it," said Amy bluntly.

"No, the Superior would never order us to commit a sin, because it could not be a sin to yield perfect obedience to her commands, whatever they might be, but the more repugnant they were to my own feelings and reason and judgment, the more merit there would be *in obeying it.*"

"Then if the Superior ordered you to tell a lie, you wouldn't mind doing it, Miss Raven," said Milly, bluntly.

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Curtis," said Miss Raven, drawing herself up. "We were talking about obedience. I think, however, we have said enough for the present," *she added, but she did* not leave the cousins to discuss the subject further between themselves, but began talking about their lessons, and asking Milly how far she had advanced in the various branches of study.

(To be Continued.)

MOTHER'S SILK DRESS.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle went the door-bell through the little brown house where lived Mr. Howard, the village pastor and his family, consisting of Mrs. Howard, Henry, Abbie and Arthur.

"I wonder who's coming so early in the morning," exclaimed Arthur, going to the door.

In a moment he returned with a large package in his hand.

"The express-man brought it and said it was all right, no charges," he exclaimed. "It's for you, mother," laying the bundle in his mother's lap.

"For me? I wonder what it can be," said Mrs. Harper, as she carefully untied the string—"I was not expecting anything."

"Perhaps some one remembered that it was your birthday," suggested Abbie peering curiously into the end of the package.

"Oh, Mother Harper!" she exclaimed as she caught sight of the contents of the parcel, "it is splendid!"

"Girls are inquisitive beings," muttered Henry, as Mrs. Harper at length opened the bundle and disclosed an elegant black silk dress, with satin and lovely Brussels lace for trimming."

"It can't be for me," said Mrs. Harper, surveying the silk longingly—for a black silk had always been a cherished wish of the quiet little woman, which as yet had never been fulfilled.

"But it is," shouted Arthur, catching up the wrapper; "who else is Mrs. Arthur A. Harper, care of Rev. A. A. Harper, Brighton, but yourself?"

"I think that settles the matter, dear," said the dominie, with a fond glance at his wife, "do you know who it is from?"

"No," answered Mrs. Harper; "if there was only a note or card to tell I would be very glad."

"Here's a card!" cried Abbie, picking up one which had fallen unnoticed to the floor, and from it Mr. Harper read the name of an old family friend of long standing.

"I am so glad you have it, mother, for your old summer silk is getting very shabby," said Abbie, caressing the pretty material.

"So am I; mother will look lovely in it," echoed Arthur.

Meanwhile a new thought was slowly forming itself in Mrs. Harper's busy mind. They had long wished to send Henry to college. Little by little the amount necessary had been raised to within seventy-five dollars; would not this silk, if sold, furnish the needed amount?

Who but a loving mother would have thought of the sacrifice? Perhaps it occurred to her sooner, because of hearing Mrs. Squire Hazelton say that she intended to go to the city soon for a new black silk, hers was really quite shabby.

One bright morning soon after the arrival of the new dress, Henry started for college in a distant city. He did not know how the money had been raised, and did not care, he said, so long as he got out of Brighton, which he declared was too dull for anything. Henry was a bright active lad, could learn rapidly if he chose; but he was what the boys called rather "fast," and he was apt to get into bad company.

"Mr. Howard hoped that the restraining influences of the college would be what was needed for Henry.

One year passed away and Henry was home once more. He was changed, however, there was a dissatisfied look on his face which his father and mother hated to see, and his reports showed that his time had much of it been misimproved.

"I say, Abbie," he said one morning, "why don't father have his house painted? It looks as if it came from the ark, and mother still wears her old dress; why don't she wear her silk one sometimes, and not look so shabby?

"She has no silk one, Henry."

"What has she done with hers then?" demanded the boy.

Abbie was silent for a moment, and then as Henry repeated his question, she said timidly:

"Henry, father and mother have to work very hard to support us. It was a great tax on them to raise money to send you to college. And mother's dress went to help to make it up."

Henry was silent for a moment and then he exclaimed impetuously:

"Oh, Abbie, I would have done better had I known that. I have acted like a fool. I have squandered my time, and not been faithful in my work at all," and Henry walked off.

That evening he had a long talk with his mother, and the next term applied himself so diligently to business as to win the esteem of all his teachers.

"It was the silk dress that did it, mother," he said one day. "If you could afford to sacrifice that, surely I could my laziness. I am going to study with a vim, get through school, and get you another, see if I don't." And as Henry has taken for his motto the words of an old book, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," it is to be hoped that he will succeed.—*Church and Home.*

THE BROKEN JARS.

"Teacher, teacher! will you give me a penny for another jar?" cried a little Hindoo girl between her sobs to a missionary lady one morning.

It was in India. The lady was just entering the yard in which stood the schoolhouse, a few acacia-trees, and some rose bushes in full bloom. Twenty brown-faced, bright-eyed girls were playing there. But at sight of their teacher all play ceased, and touching their foreheads with the right hand as a sign of welcome, they ran before her into the low building made of sunburnt bricks which served as a schoolroom. Here seated upon the floor, they waited until school should open with a lesson from the New Testament.

But the lady did not open the good book this morning. She came slowly in, leading the weeping Tara.

In the corners of the bare, cheerless room, stood black stone jars filled with water. In a third, pieces of a broken jar were scattered around, which when the little girl saw she wept afresh.

"Tara," said the teacher, "is this your jar? Who has broken it?"

"I smashed it myself," sobbed the child.

"You did it yourself purposely, and yet you cry!" said the lady with wonder.

"Shantee touched it with her hands and made it unclean, so I did as our holy books tell us to do, I broke it. O teacher, will you give me a penny to buy another?" and Tara looked up through her shining tears.

"Poor little girl," said the teacher, smoothing the long tangled hair, "obedience to such commands does not bring happiness. My child, does your 'book' tell who made the world and the people?"

"Yes," said Tara "one god whose name is Brahma made the world and all the people in it. He made the people from his own body. From his head he made wise men, and from his arms and shoulders he made strong men, like soldiers and kings; merchants and others he made from his loins, but poor men and servants came from the feet of Brahma."

"And from which part were you, do you suppose, Tara?"

"My father is high up, he is a merchant, but Shantee's father is a servant, so when she touched my jar it was polluted—my nice new jar—and now it is broken—O dear!" Her little heart was aching with real sorrow, not that she had broken the jar, for that she thought right, but because it had been made "unclean" as she termed it.

"Sit down, Tara," said her teacher, "and when you are quiet we will talk."

In obedience she turned away, but, half-blinded with tears, she fell over a rude bench that served as a table. It gave way, and she was thrown to the floor, when striving to disentangle herself from the broken bench and torn frock she incautiously caught hold of one of the remaining jars. Instantly a girl of twelve or fourteen years started up with words of abuse falling thick and fast from her lips, and before any one could prevent had dashed the jar into a hundred fragments upon the ground.

"Tara, Tara," she screamed, "thou daughter of a merchant, why hast thou touched my jar?"

Many bitter words would have been spoken by the two girls but the teacher bade them be silent. It was then explained that the oldest girl was of "high caste," and none of her inferiors might so much as lay hand upon, much less drink from, the jar she called hers. As the low-caste Shantee had broken this rule of caste in regard to Tara's jar, so in the same way had Tara offended the high-caste Saluse.

It is too true that in India all the people are divided into separate classes or castes that never intermarry, never eat or drink together nor may they even touch the vessels belonging to one another. Should a vessel be touched by a low-caste person, it must be purified by fire if it be of brass or copper, but if only cheap earthenware, like these penny *jars, they must* be broken in pieces.

Three different castes were represented in this mission school. They were all Hindoos and strict in obeying the commands of their so-called "holy book." The missionary teacher could not forbid this, for they would have left the school had their idolatry been interfered with. So easily are these *little things* brought to fear the breaking of caste, that Tara declared she "would rather die than drink from Shantee's Jar," which, of course, would not have been true had death been really at hand.

A few days previous the girls had asked for a few pennies to buy water jars. Willingly the request was granted, for in that hot country the *little* ones wish often for a cup of cold water. There were no wells near. All the water was brought from a river that flowed by at a distance from the school, but too far for little feet to travel in the burning sun, so it was well that fresh water should be kept in the schoolroom. Accordingly these jars were purchased, and this was the first *day of their* use. Half-an-hour before three of the girls might have been seen coming from the river-side, the jars poised easily on their heads, while they sang the new hymn their teacher had taught them.

Now two of the jars were broken. That one belonging to the lowest caste alone remained. No fear of any one polluting their jars.

Here was the beginning of trouble to the new teacher. Caste, that fatal obstacle to all good, to all progress in India, met her on the threshold. What should she do! Knowing the power of music she said quietly to her troubled school, "Let us sing our new hymn."

Clearly, sweetly, and in unison rose the words, "Let us love *one another.*" Then she read how God made of one blood all nations, how Christ came, the prince of peace and God of love; and the noisy lips were still while in a few words she asked that peace and love might be given to them. Although none of the young hearts were converted, yet there stole over them a sudden quiet, and when asked, "*Who* shall have the remaining jar?" for it was still unused, the generous Tara said, "There is no one else like me, I will drink at home before I come," and the angry high caste, forgetting her pride added, "And there is no one like me. I am big; I will go to the river let the 'out-castes' have it." And thus the last were first. The twenty girls of *inferior caste* drank from one jar; and though the caste of each remained unbroken, the school became a house of peace, for they loved one another, and to-day the broken jars are forgotten.

But from this anecdote may be seen how strong is the influence of caste even among children. It is directly opposite to the spirit of Christ, yet it prevails every where in heathen India. How thankful ought all the little readers of this story to be that their home is not there! how grateful to the dear Father, for life in a land where the love of Christ is known! But take care, little ones, that you do not cultivate the caste spirit even here, St. Paul says, "In lowliness of mind let each esteem others better *that themselves.*" This rule is given to children as well as to older people. So when pride whispers, "You are prettier or richer than your mates," turn away and harken to that better voice which is sweetly saying, "My little children love one another."—*Missionary Link.*

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. How long were the Israelites captive in Babylon?
26. Who was king of Judah when the first temple was destroyed?
27. What was the cause of the division of the Israelites into the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah?
28. Who foretold that Jeroboam would be king over the ten tribes?
29. Who was declared king of Judah at seven years of age.
30. What spot of ground did David buy to dedicate to the Lord?
31. To what use was it put?
32. What three prophets were contemporary with David?
33. How many men did Gideon select to go with him to battle against the Midianites?
34. What Gentile king aroused his subjects to repentance, and thereby averted the destruction of the city?
35. What people deceived Joshua, and caused him to make a league with them that he would not destroy them?
36. How old was Aaron when he stood before Pharaoh?

TRANSPOSED ACROSTIC.

Aaltpnse rsdwo ear sa na bymhcooen,
eestw ot eht ulos, dna tlaheh ot kte snbeo.

Hgrutsoie plsi rea het gedilth fo snkgi;
dan yteh veol mhi ttah pkseahet tghri.

Nlyo yb deirp mtecoli ottnnnicoe; tub
hwti eth lwle-vddsaei si smwdio.

Yntvia fo ntavesii, hitas het heecaprr,
ayvtni fo taiievns; lal si ivtyna.

Veeyr ordw fo oGd si epru; eh si a hdlesi
outn mhet ttah utp riteh attur ni mhi.

Mrveco ton eht cnnteia kaarnmld hhciw
hty tfrhase aevh est.

Eb otn uhot vseinuo sgtiaan eilv emn,
tineerh eesidr ot eb hwti mhet.

Sya outn mwsiod, lituo tar ym sriet, dan
leal unnddgnrietas nyt awnmksoni.

Peon bkruee si ttbree ntah eecsrt vleo.

Ufftihla ear eth udwson fo a rdefin; utb
het asskie fo na eeynm rea tfdieeulc.

Ysa ton notu yht iebnrhog, og dan moce
aangi, nad mtooowrr I lwli vgei eehi, hwne
utoh stha ti yb eeht.

Neop yht umtho, gdjeu hiuorgsylte, adu
idpae eht ucsae fo eth rpoo dan yeedn.

Rbloa ont ot eb crhi; scaee mrfo hetin now
sdwoim.

O ey mlipes, ddnusaretn smwoid, dan, ey
sloof, eb ey fo na nntdrsigueadn tahre.

Nyma utgadareh vhea edno rvuulstyio, utb
htou cxeetslle mteh lal.

Enpo yth hotum orf eht mbda ni het
uesae fo lla hesu sa ear ppiadnote ot ttidon-
esreu.

Wno hfeeerotr kneerah tnuo em, O ey
dhclirne, rof eessbdl rea yeht ttha eepk ym
syaw.

Words of wisdom, the initial letters of which will show where found.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

1. The city of David. Luke ii. 11.
2. When Herod slew the children in Bethlehem. Matt. ii. 17, 18.
3. John the Baptist. Matt. iii. 1, 3.
4. John the Baptist. Mark i. 2.
5. At the baptism of Christ. Matt. iii. 17.
6. Peter and Andrew. Matt. iv. 18.
7. Fishing. Matt. iv. 18, 19.
8. James and John. They were mending nets with Zebedee their father. Matt. iv. 21.
9. Boanerges, sons of thunder. Mark. iii. 17.
10. Healed a man who lived among the tombs and was possessed of a legion of devils. Mark v. i, 17.
11. He was beheaded. Mark vi. 27.
12. "Damsel I say unto thee arise"; Christ spoke them when he raised to life the daughter of Jairus. Mark. v. 41.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

ALPHA.—Rev. xxi. 6.

1. A-dam—Gen. ii. 19.
2. L-uz—Gen. xxviii. 19.
3. P-otiphar.—Gen. xxxix. 1.
4. H-ebrews.—Gen. xl. 15.
5. A-aron.—Exod. xxviii. 1.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 1—Alex. George Burr, 12 ac; Lucy Ward, 12; Andrew Paterson, 12.
To No. 2—Minnie Giddens, 12 ac; S. A. Peck, 12; Cyrus W. Peck, 12.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.

Feb. 26, 1882.] [Mark 4: 21-34.

THE GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 30-32.

21. And he said unto them, Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed? and not to be set on a candlestick?

22. For there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested; neither was any thing kept secret, but that it should come abroad.

23. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.

24. And he said unto them, Take heed what ye hear: with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given.

25. For he that hath, to him shall be given: and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.

26. And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground;

27. And should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.

28. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.

29. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.

30. And he said, Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it?

31. It is like a grain of mustard-seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth:

32. But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.

33. And with many such parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it.

34. But without a parable spake he not unto them; and when they were alone, he expounded all things to his disciples.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."—Ps. 72: 16.

TOPIC.—Growth of the Gospel, in the Soul and in the World.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE UNSEEN BEGINNING. 2. THE GRADUAL GROWTH. 3. THE GREAT RESULT.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 28, the same day as the last lesson, and a continuation of the same discourse. Place.—The Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. THE UNSEEN BEGINNING.—Vs. 26-27 are found in Mark only. V. 21. As the purpose of a candle is to give light, so Christ's disciples were and are to be light-bearers in this world—to make known the truth which they hear from him. V. 22. THERE IS NOTHING HID—the time is coming when the most hidden truth shall be brought to light. V. 24. WHAT YE HEAR—in Luke it is how ye hear. WITH WHAT MEASURE—as you are diligent in teaching will your Master add to your knowledge; according to your use of what you receive will further supplies be given you. METE—measure out. V. 25. HE THAT HATH—faithful teachers and learners of the truth get from day to day a larger measure of light and truth and grace. V. 26. SO IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD—such is its growth and progress in the world and in the hearts of men. V. 27. SHALL SLEEP AND RISE—live as usual, without any further care of the seed sown.

II. THE GRADUAL GROWTH.—V. 28. FRUIT OF HERSELF, by the power which God, not man, gives. FIRST THE BLADE—the smallest shoot. THE EAR—the stalk and head. FULL CORN—the kernels full grown. CORN is Old English for small grain, as wheat and barley. V. 29. PUT-TETH IN THE SICKLE—gathers the grain. So is the gradual growth of God's grace in the heart and of God's kingdom in the world.

III. THE GREAT RESULT.—V. 31. A GRAIN OF MUSTARD-SEED—the plant grows wild, but was often found in the gardens of the Jews. Dr. Thomson says he has seen it in Palestine "as tall as the horse and his rider." LESS THAN ALL SEEDS—a grain of mustard-seed was proverbial for a very small thing. See Matt. 17: 20. V. 32. GREATER THAN ALL HERBS—the growth of so large a plant from so small a seed was a fit emblem of the great results that would follow the introduction of the gospel. From small beginnings it would increase until it filled the world. Good and evil are seeds that grow to greater good or evil. A single evil thought may become mighty enough to destroy all good in a soul.

TEACHINGS:

1. Christians are to be lights in the world; they should let their light shine.
2. The way to get more grace is to use diligently what we have.
3. The Church of Christ, from small beginnings, will increase until it fills the whole earth.
4. True religion has a similar growth in the heart of every Christian—from small to great.
5. So also evil, if cherished in the heart, will grow in its power over us. Root out the beginnings of sin.

REMEMBER that Jesus has given you the knowledge of his truth that you may teach it to others. Be not content with simply learning about him yourself; become a light-bearer to those around you. Cherish the truth in your own heart that it may produce its transforming effect, stopping the growth of evil and making you more and more Christ-like.

LESSON X.

March 5, 1882.] [Mark 4: 35-41.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 37-41.

35. And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

36. And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.

37. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.

38. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow; and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?

39. And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

40. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

41. And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."—Ps. 107: 29.

TOPIC.—Christ Ruling Wind and Wave.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE SUDDEN STORM. 2. THE FRIGHTENED DISCIPLES. 3. THE MIGHTY LORD.

Time.—Autumn, A.D. 28, on the evening of the day that he spoke the words of our last lesson. Place.—The Sea of Galilee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. THE SUDDEN STORM.—(35-37.) V. 35. THE SAME DAY—the day on which he taught from the boat on the Sea of Galilee. WHEN THE EVEN WAS COME—about sunset. THE OTHER SIDE—across the Sea of Galilee eastward to the country of the Gadarenes. V. 36. AS HE WAS—tired and ill prepared for the voyage. He had a work to do in the country of the Gadarenes, as we shall learn from the next lesson, and he did not wait to take food or to make any preparation, thus setting us an example of self-denial and devotedness. Duty is not to be put off because it is difficult or inconvenient. V. 37. A GREAT STORM OF WIND—the Sea of Galilee lies very deep in the Jordan valley, its surface being more than six hundred feet lower than the common level of the ocean. This valley, gathering in the rays of the sun by day, becomes heated; and as the hot air rises the cooler currents from the surrounding heights pour in, especially at night, causing many a sudden tempest. NOW FULL—literally, "already filled"; covered with the waves (Matt. 8: 24), and therefore in very great danger. Luke 8: 23.

II. THE FRIGHTENED DISCIPLES.—(38.) ASLEEP—our Lord was human as well as divine, and like ourselves subject to fatigue. CAREST THOU NOT—they were so alarmed as to speak in a reproachful tone, which they would not have used if self-possessed.

III. THE MIGHTY LORD.—(39-41.) V. 39. HE AROSE—the storm did not rouse him, but the cry of his perishing people did. So now he knows our trials and hears our every cry. REBUKED THE WIND—Jesus is God as well as man. He holds the forces of nature in his hands. A GREAT CALM—a perfect stillness of the sea, lately tossed by the wind. V. 40. HE SAID UNTO THEM—their lack of faith caused their fear. Their faith might not have stilled the sea, but it should have kept them from fear. We are safe if Jesus is with us. Distrust always displeases him. V. 41. THEY FEARED EXCEEDINGLY—not the painful fear they had when in danger, but a fear of deep reverence. They had seen displays of his power before, but none like this. He had healed the sick, cleansed lepers, cast out devils, but never before had he commanded the winds and the sea. WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS—truly none other than the God-man, Immanuel, God with us.

TEACHINGS:

1. Our lives are subject to storms of danger and trouble.
2. Jesus is our only refuge. He is able to keep us.
3. If, when we need help, he seems to us unmindful of us, let us call upon him.
4. He hears us, and will help us in due season.
5. A little faith is better than no faith. The disciples were rebuked for their want of faith, but the little they had was rewarded.
6. Faith, as a grain of mustard-seed, has a large promise. Matt. 17: 20.
7. Our Saviour is a man, that he may sympathize with us and suffer for us; a God, that he may guard and save us.

REMEMBER that you have a divine Saviour, who has power over all things, whom you can safely and surely trust in every time of trial. Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you. He will never leave you. Sometimes troubles will come, for no life is free from them. Jesus may not always seem to help you at once but he will help you at the right time; if you wait for him. Only be true to him always, and never doubt that he will be true to you.

HOW TO SERVE.

In the middle of the sixteenth century there lived at Rome a pious prelate named Filippo Neri. He was the founder in 1548 of the celebrated congregation of the Oratory, a religious association of the order of St. Augustine, consecrated to devotional exercises, works of charity and the study of theology, but without requiring any vows. Filippo Neri was, according to his light, a sincere and humble Christian, and nothing was so repugnant to him as any ostentatious display in matters of religion. One day a pope sent for him and said, "They tell me the abbess of the convent of S——, some leagues off, is a saint and works miracles; I wish to know whether this is true." "That will be easily discovered," replied the prelate and ordering his mule to be saddled he set off to the convent.

The road was most deplorable, and Neri arrived in a very muddy plight. They opened eagerly to welcome a deputy from the pope, and he immediately took a seat. When the abbess appeared he stretched out his feet covered with mud, saying, "I pray you take off your guest's boots and clean them." She drew back indignantly, whereupon Filippo left the room without saying another word, remounted his mule and returned to the pope, saying the abbess was no saint and could not possibly have worked any miracles.

"But how can you have found this out so quickly?"

"She has no humility, and does not know how to serve," replied Filippo with decision.

The test was a severe one, though not out of harmony with the temper of the age. Great deeds need to be tested by their spirit. There can be no saintliness without humility. To know how to serve is to have learnt one of the lessons of Divine wisdom.—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S CALLING.

Called by God (2 Thess. 2: 13, 14).
Called to a high calling (Phil. 3: 14).
Called out of darkness into light (1 Peter 2: 9).
Called to eternal life (1 Tim 6: 12).
Called into fellowship with Him (1 Cor. 1: 9).
Called to liberty (Gal 5: 13).
Called unto His eternal glory (1 Peter 5: 10).

"I beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love" (Eph. 4: 1, 2).

PLEASANT FIGURES.

Our harvest of money letters promises to be a larger one than we have ever yet received. In December the receipts were somewhat less than the preceding year, although considerably ahead of 1879; but the first week of the new year told a better tale than any single week in the history of the WITNESS. It is as follows:

Date.	Registered Letters.	Unregistered Money Letters.	Total.
January 3....	1,334	300	1,634
" 4....	490	136	626
" 5....	285	140	425
" 6....	432	118	550
" 7....	473	118	591
	3,014	812	3,826

These figures tell their own story.

SATISFACTORY WORK.

A gentleman in sending us the names of one hundred and thirteen new subscribers from Beaver Falls and New Brighton, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, writes as follows: "I have procured the above names by making a regular canvass of some of the streets of my town, evenings, after working all day. I do it in token of my appreciation of the value of the MESSENGER as an educator, and to assist in extending its circulation and thereby its power for doing good. We welcome it to our home and recommend it to all others. God bless the MESSENGER and give it success. I have sent copies to friends at Harmony, Butler Co. Pa., and Alliance, Stock Co. Ohio, and other places with earnest request that they work for the paper, and I have reasons to believe and hope that you will receive lists from all of them." This is one letter out of several that we might quote of the important place given to the MESSENGER as a means of doing good.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

This edition of the MESSENGER contains the news in addition to the excellent reading matter in the NORTHERN MESSENGER, and while there is considerably more than twice as much matter in a year, the price is but fifty cents, or twenty cents a year more; but if a club of five names are sent at the one time the price is but two dollars for all, or forty cents each, ten cents more than the ordinary price of the NORTHERN MESSENGER. We expect the WEEKLY MESSENGER will become one of the most popular newspapers in America. It will not be local by any means, but will compass the whole American continent.

PLEASE HELP ALONG THE MESSENGER.

We hope to have an enormous circulation for the MESSENGER this year, and with the assistance of our readers will obtain it. One new subscriber each would give us more than one hundred and ten thousand, and we might as well have that many subscribers as not.

A DAILY NEWSPAPER.

We can recommend the DAILY WITNESS, published at this office, to all who desire a daily newspaper. Sample copies supplied free to all that desire to see them. The price is but $3.00 a year, or one cent a day.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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